The Organizer.

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POETRY.

CARRY ME BACK.

Virginia woods were clothed in green,
When from my home I turned,
With hope to win undying fame,
My youthful genius burned,
I'm dying now in a foreign land,
Life's cherished dream is o'er;
O, carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia shore!

I'm dying, dying, all alone,
And not a friend is near—
No brother's voice, no sister's sigh,
Falls on my dying ear.
O, for a heart that loves me now,
Ere life's wild dream is o'er,
To carry me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia shore!

It may not be—'neath Italia's sky,
O, let me gently sleep
Where sparkling Tiber's yellow waves
To ocean's bosom sweep;
And there, in slumbers soft I'll lie,
And dream forever more,
You've carried me back to old Virginia,
To old Virginia shore!

MISCELLANY.

From the National Intelligencer.

Col. Fremont and his Party—Further and Final Accounts.

We resume the extracts from Col. Fremont's letters, prefacing them with some brief descriptions of the localities made memorable by disaster, for the information of those who have not recent maps at hand.

It is known that the great Rocky Mountain chain, with a general direction north and south, sends out a branch towards the southeast from between the heads of the Arkansas and the Rio del Norte; and this branch forms the dividing ridge between the upper valleys of these two rivers, and between the head-waters of the Red River and the Del Norte; and having accomplished these purposes, it subsides and disappears in the plains of Texas. The highest part of this branch chain, and the governing object in it to travellers, are the Spanish Peaks, first made known to American geography by the then young Lieut. Pike. These PEAKS are about in north latitude 37 1-2 deg., and west longitude from London 105 deg., and about on a line longitudinally with the Pueblos of the Upper Aarksas, distant from them half a degree, and in sight. They are seen at a great distance, and are guiding objects to travellers. The road to Santa Fe passes below these Peaks, and crosses the chain about two degrees south: Col. Fremont passed above them, and entered the valley of the Del Norte high up above the Mexican settlements, and above Pike's stockade, and intended to follow the Del Norte to its head, and cross the great Rocky mountain chain through some pass there to be found. He was therefore, so to speak, going into the forks of the mountain—into the gorge of the two mountains—and at a great elevation, shown by the fact of the great rivers which issue from the opposite sides of the Rocky Mountains at that part—the Arkansas and Del Norte on the east, the Grand River fork of the Colorado of the gulf of California on the west. It was at this point—the head of the Del Norte where no traveller had ever gone before, that Col. Fremont intended to pass, to survey his last line across the continent, complete his knowledge of the country between the Mississippi and the Pacific, and crown the labors of long explorations by showing the country between the great river and the great sea to be inhabitable by a civilized people, and practicable for a great road, and that on several lines, and which was the best. He had been seven years engaged in the great labor, and wished to complete it. It was in the beginning of December that he crossed the chain from the Arkansas valley into the valley of Del Norte; and, although late, with the full belief of the old hunters and traders at the Pueblos, the guide included whom he there engaged, that he could go through. He was provided with everything to carry the men to California, and, with grain to carry all the animals across all the mountains into the valleys of the tributaries of the Great Colorado of the West, where the snows would be light, wood and grass sufficient, game abundant, and the hardships of the expedition all surmounted and left behind. In two weeks he expected to be in these old valleys. Unhappily, the guide consumed these two weeks in getting to the head of the Del Norte—a distance which only required four or five days of travel, as Colonel Fremont showed in coming back. This was the cause of the first calamity—the loss of the horses and mules. The same guide consumed twenty-two days, when sent with the party for relief, in making the distance which Col. Fremont (with Godey, Preuss, and a servant,) without a guide, on foot, in colder weather, deeper snows, and half-famished, made in six. That was the cause of the second and irreparable calamity—the death of the men.

The immediate scene of suffering in this great disaster, where the ascent of the great mountain was forced, and its summit scaled, must have been about north latitude 38 1-2, and west longitude from London 107, the elevation above twelve thousand feet, and the time that of dead winter—Christmas! From this point the noted objects, Pike's Peak and the Three Parks, would bear about E. N. E., and the Spanish Peaks about E. S. E.

With this notice of localities, to which a mournful interest must long attach, we proceed to give extracts from the remaining and final letters from Col Fremont. The first of these is dated—

TAOS, New Mexico, Feb. 6, 1849.

After a long delay, which had wearied me to the point of resolving to set out again myself, tidings have at last reached me from my ill fated party.

Mr. Vincent Haler came in last night, having the night before reached the Little Colorado settlement, with three or four others. Including Mr. King and Mr. Proulx, we have lost eleven of our party.

Occurrences, since I left them, are briefly these, so far as they came within the knowledge of Mr. Haler: I say briefly, because I am now unwilling to force my mind to dwell upon the details of what has been suffered. I need reprieve from terrible contemplations. I am absolutely astonished at this persistance of misfortune—this succession of calamities which no care or vigilance of mine could foresee or prevent.

You will remember that I had left the camp (twenty-three men) when I set off with Godey, Preuss, and my servant in search of King and succor, with directions about the baggage, and with occupation sufficient about it to employ them for three or four days; after which they were to follow me down the river. Within that time I expected relief from King's party, if it came at all. They remained seven days, and then started, their scant provisions about exhausted, and the dead mules on the western side of the great Sierra buried under snow.

Manuel—(you will remember Manuel—a Christian Indian of the Cosumne tribe, in the valley of the San Joaquin)—gave way to a feeling of despair after they had moved about two miles, and begged Vincent Haler, whom I had left in command, to shoot him. Failing to find death in that form, he turned and made his way back to the camp, intending to die there; which he doubtless soon did.

The party moved on, and at ten miles Wise gave out—threw away his gun and blanket—and, a few hundred yards further, fell over into the snow and died. Two Indian boys countrymen of Manuel—were behind. They came upon him—rolled him up in his blanket, and buried him in the snow, on the bank of the river.

No other died that day. None the next.

Carver raved during the night—his imagination wholly occupied with images of many things which he fancied himself to be eating. In the morning he wandered off, and probably soon died. He was not seen again.

Sorel on this day [the fourth from the camp] laid down to die. They built him a fire, and Morin, who was in a dying condition, and snow-blind, remained with him. These two did not probably last till the next morning. That evening [I think it was] Hubbard killed a deer.

They travelled on, getting here and there a grouse, but nothing else, the deep snow in the valley having driven off the game.

The state of the party became desperate, and brought Haler to the determination of breaking it up, in order to prevent them from living upon each other. He told them that he had done all he could for them—that they had no other hope remaining than the expected relief—and that the best plan was to scatter, and make the best of their way each as he could, down the river; that, for himself, if he was to be eaten, he would, at all events, be found travelling when he did die. This address had its effect. They accordingly separated.

With Haler continued five others—Scott, Hubbard, Martin, Bacon, one other—and the two Cosumne Indian boys.

Bohror now became despondent, and stopped. Haler reminded him of his family and urged him to try and hold out for their sake. Roused by this appeal to his tenderest affections, the unfortunate man moved forward, but feebly, and soon began to fall behind. On a further appeal he promised to follow, and to overtake them at evening.

Haler, Scott, Hubbard, and Martin now agreed that if any one of them should give out, the others were not to wait for him to die, but to push on, and try and save themselves. Soon this mournful covenant had to be kept. But let me not anticipate events.—Sufficient for each day is the sorrow thereof.

At night Kern's party encamped a few hundred yards from Haler's, with the intention, according to Taplin, to remain where they were until the relief should come, and in the mean time to live upon those who had died, and upon the weaker one as they should die. With this party were the three brothers Kearne, Captain Cathcart, M'Kie, Andrews, Stepperfeldt, and Taplin. I do not know that I have got all the names of this party.

Ferguson and Beadle had remained together behind. In the evening Rohrer came up and remained in Kerne's party. Haler learnt afterwards from some of the party that Rohrer and Andrews wandered off the next morning and died. They say they saw their bodies.

Haler's party continued on. After a few hours Hubbard gave out. According to the agreement he was left to die, but with such comfort as could be given him. They built him a fire and gathered him some wood, and then left him, without turning their heads, as Haler says, to look at him as they went off.

About two miles further, Scott—you remember him; he used to shoot birds for you on the frontier—he gave out. He was another of the four who had covenanted against waiting for each other. The survivors did for him as they had done for Hubbard, and passed on.

In the afternoon the two Indian boys went ahead—blessed be these boys!—and before nightfall met Godey with the relief. He had gone on with all speed. The boys gave him the news. He fired signal guns to notify his approach. Haler heard the guns and knew the crack of our rifles, and felt that relief had come. This night was the first of hope and joy. Early in the morning, with the first gray light, Godey was in the trail, and soon met Haler and the wreck of his party slowly advancing. I heard that they all cried together like children—these men of iron nerves and lion hearts, when dangers were to be faced or hardships to be conquered. They were all children in this moment of melted hearts. Succor was soon dealt out to these few first met; and Godey with his relief, and accompanied by Haler, who turned back, hurriedly followed the back trail in search of the living and the dead, scattered in the rear. They came to Scott first. He was yet alive, and is saved! They came to Hubbard next; he was dead, but still warm. These were the only ones of Haler's party that had been left.

From Kerne's party, next met, they learnt the deaths of Andrews and Rohrer; and, a little further on, met Ferguson, who told them that Beadle had died the night before. All the living were found—and saved—Manuel among them—which looked like a resurrection—and reduces the number of the dead to TEN—one-third of the whole party which a few days before were scaling the mountain with me, and battling with the elements twelve thousand feet in the air.

Godey had accomplished his mission for the people: a further service had been prescribed him, that of going to the camp on the river, at the base of the great mountain, to recover the most valuable of the baggage secreted there. With some Mexicans and pack mules he went on; and this is the last yet heard of him.

Vincent Haler, with Martin and Bacon, all on foot, and bringing Scott on horseback, have just arrived at the outside Pueblo, on the Little Colorado. Provisions for their support, and horses for their transport, were left for the others, who preferred to remain where they were, regaining some strength, till Godey should get back. At the latest they would have reached the little Pueblo last. Haler came on to relieve my anxieties, and did well in so doing; for I was wound up to the point of setting out again. When Godey returns I shall know from him all the circumstances sufficiently in detail to understand clearly everything. But it will not be necessary to tell you anything further. You have the results, and sorrow enough in reading them.

Evening.—How rapid are the changes of life! A few days ago, and I was struggling through snow in the savage wilds of the upper Del Norte—following the course of the frozen river in more than Russian cold—no food—no blanket to cover me in the long freezing nights—(I had sold my two to the *Utah* for help to my men)—uncertain at what moment of the night we might be roused by the Indian rifle—doubtful, very doubtful, whether I should ever see you or friends again. Now I am seated by a comfortable fire, alone—pursuing my own thoughts—writing to you in the certainty of reaching you—a French volume of Balzac on the table—a colored print of the landing of Columbus before me—listening in safety to the raging storm without!

You will wish to know what effect the scenes I have passed through have had upon me. In person, none. The destruction of my party, and the loss of friends, are causes of grief; but I have not been injured in body or mind. Both have been strained, and severely taxed, but neither hurt. I have seen one or the other, and sometimes both, give way in strong frames, strong minds, and stout hearts: but, as heretofore, I have come out unhurt. I believe that the remembrance of friends sometimes gives us a power of resistance which the desire to save our own lives could never call up.

I have made my preparations to proceed. I shall have to follow the old Gila road, and shall move rapidly, and expect to be in California in March, and to find letters from home, and a supply of newspapers and documents, more welcome perhaps, because these things have a home look about them. The future occupied me. Our home in California—your arrival in April—your good health in that delightful climate the finishing up my geographical and astronomical labors—my farming labors and enjoyments. I have written to Messrs. Mayhew & Co., agricultural ware-houses, New York, requesting them to ship me immediately a threshing machine; and to Messrs. Hoe & Co., same city, requesting them to forward to me at San Francisco two runs or sets of mill stones. The mill-irons and the agricultural instruments shipped for me last autumn from New York will be at San Francisco by the time I arrive there. Your arrival in April will complete all the plans.

[These extracts in relation to Col. Fremont's intended pursuits are given to contradict the unfounded supposition of gold projects attributed to him by some newspapers. The word *gold* is not mentioned in his letters from one end to the other, nor did he take gold mining the least into his calculation when he left Missouri on the 21st of October last, although the authentic reports brought in by Lieut. Beale, of the Navy, were then in all the newspapers, and fully known to him.]

February, 11.—Godey has got back. He did not succeed in recovering any of the baggage or camp furniture. Everything was lost, except some few things which I had brought down the river. The depth of the snow made it impossible for him to reach the camp at the mountain where the men had left their baggage. Amidst the wreck I had the good fortune to save my large *alforges*, or travelling trunk—the double one which you packed—and that was about all.

SANTA FE, February 17, 1849.—In the midst of hurried movements, and in the difficult endeavor to get a party all started together, I can only write a line to say that I am well moving on to California. I will leave Santa Fe this evening.

AN EGG WITHIN AN EGG.—Our readers have heard of a wheel within a wheel, but we were shown yesterday an egg within an egg. A gentleman purchased some eggs to market, one of which was observed to be rather large, upon breaking it, there was found floating within another perfect egg about as large as a full sized nutmeg. This has not yet been broken; and consequently it is yet uncertain but there may be another egg within that. The fact is a riddle for the naturalists, and at the same time may serve as a hint to egg merchants to be exceedingly careful that they don't give thirteen to the dozen.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Sales of Land for Taxes.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE MISSISSIPPIAN.

Gentlemen—I observe from paragraphs in several of our State papers, that some misapprehension prevails in reference to a recent decision of the High Court of Errors and Appeals with regard to the proper mode of selling land for taxes under our statutes.

In the case of Doe ex. dem. Hodges *vs.* Robert Wilson, three opinions were written. There were but two points in the case, and Judge Thatcher speaks of them as follows:

"In this case, the collector, in executing the law, offered one lot of eighty acres, at the bid for this lot not being enough to meet the amount of taxes due the State, *he added another and sold them together at one and the same sale.* This comports with my understanding of the proper mode of proceeding in the sale of lands for taxes.

"The collector, however, *did not designate the particular eighth* of a section *first* offered. By the sale of the two eighths, the land became designated; yet I still think the collector should have designated the *first lot* offered by him, and therefore I agree with the Chief Justice, that the judgment should be reversed."

On the same points, Judge Clayton says:

"I concur in the construction placed upon this statute by Judge Thatcher. I do not think the sale is good, because the sheriff *did not designate the particular eighth which he first offered*—he could not offer an *uncertain lot*, because no one could know in such a case, what he was attempting to sell. But when the part first offered is *sufficiently designated, and is not sold*, then the part so offered and refused may be *added to the next*, and so on until a sale is effected."

Judge Sharkey was of opinion, that when the first eighth was offered, it should be sold to the highest bidder, and if the bid was insufficient to meet the amount of taxes due by the tax payer, then another eighth should be offered and *separately* sold, and so on until the amount due was made by the *separate* sales. On this point, he differed with Judges Thatcher and Clayton, but the opinions of the latter—being a majority of the court—*establish* the rule of sale on this point. On the other point, the court were unanimous.

By the insertion of the above, you will confer a favor on all persons interested in sales of land for taxes.

JOHN D. FREEMAN.

JUDGE THATCHER.—We publish today the announcement of this gentleman as a candidate for re-election to the office of Judge of the High Court of Errors and appeals: his present term of six years expiring on the 5th and 6th of November next.

During the time for which Judge Thatcher has held his high office, the Court has held its sittings at Jackson, where our attention has been constantly drawn to the duties of his office, and the mode in which he has met and discharged them. From all we have thus seen and know, we say with pleasure that we regard him as one of the most useful enlightened and accomplished Judges whom we have ever had upon the bench in Mississippi. We know this to be strong language, but we mean it as such, and in it we will be born out as well by the members of the bar as the uninitisted looker-on. During his entire term of six years, never has the High Court met when he was not at his post, nor has it sat a single hour when he was not upon the bench.

In disposing of the immense mass of business crowding our dockets, he has borne more than his share. In the *ten* volumes of Smedes & Marshal's Reports, now published, and in the *two* soon to appear, will be found the record of his labors. From these reports, it will be seen that the adjudications upon the criminal law of the State have been entrusted entirely to his hands, while of the balance of the business he has discharged an equal amount with one associate and far more than another; and rightly was the latter so, for, through a service of fifteen years has the renowned chief justice won his lofty eminence, and he might well claim respite in the labors of his junior associate. For an effort at such emulation, Judge Thatcher was fitted by his acquired and natural talents. He has brought to the task a temper, cool and circumspect, a firm and resolute maintainance of his own views when once maturely formed—a thorough knowledge of the ancient and modern learning of his profession; indomitable industry and research; an intellect without passion or prejudice, phylosophical by nature and training, and the whole enlightened and enlarged by a polished taste for literature and a fund of general information. With such qualities, how he has succeeded we have already expressed our opinions, and we believe it meets the assent of all. We can well hope that no such men, upon the bench or at the forum, long may our State entrust the rights and the interest of her citizens.—*Mississippian.*

From the Mississippian.

SOUTHERN CENTRAL MEETING IN MISSIPPI, ON THE QUESTION BETWEEN THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.—The undersigned, having interests in common with their Fellow-citizens of Mississippi, and considering it proper that there should be an immediate and general expression of the will of the people on the great question which disturbs the harmony once so happily existing between the North and the South, propose and do now in this mode give notice, that a Central Meeting of the citizens will be held in the Hall of Representatives at Jackson on the first Monday (seventh) of May next, to the entire exclusion of party distinctions and differences and of all allusion to any party topic whatever—the object being to call forth, in the most decided manner, the public voice and resolve in every county, and of the whole people, on these questions.

First, whether Mississippi will co-operate with Virginia, South Carolina, Missouri, Florida and the other Southern States in any practicable measure, compatible with the constitution and laws, to arrest what appears to be a fixed determination on the part of our brethren of the North to assail, if not to destroy, the equality, independence and existence of the Southern States; and by arresting it, if possible to restore the harmony and preserve in substance and not in mockery the Union of the States.

And second, if the course taken by the Southern States is not to be approved, then to consider what it becomes us to do in the grave circumstances by which we are surrounded in reference to the preservation or abandonment of our Rights, and with regard to our future security against external aggression and domestic violence.

J. W. Matthews, W. L. Sharkey, W. R. Miles, A. Hutchinson, C. R. Clifton, J. F. Foute, John I Guion, J. D. Freeman, D. C. Glenn, George T. Swann, Samuel Stamps, R'd. Griffith, J. S. Collins, Wm. Morris, Dan'l W. Adams, E. W. F. Sloan, W. A. Ware, J. P. Oldham, G. W. L. Smith, J. J. Deavenport, Robert Cook, James E. Matthews, Wm. W. Richardson, Benjamin T. Fearing, Thomas Green, Powhatan Ellis, J. L. Simms, Eljas Scott, William Wing, C. S. Tarpley, Joseph Moseley, J. E. Fitzpatrick, H. E. Sizer, Grafton Baker, L. V. Dixon, George W. Amos, Charles Dudley, G. W. Mitchell, P. Hizheim, G. R. Fall, L. G. Slaughter, George W. Jones, J. S. Fall, C. R. Dickson, R. T. Dawson, M. E. Virden, John A. Voight, Sam'l Lenly, John C. Carpenter, Charles A. Moore, G. W. Langley, John R. Moseley, John H. Bowman, George Fearn, J. M. Putnam.

April 17, 1848.

"Here's to internal improvements!" as Dobb's said when he swallowed a dose of salts.

A young lawyer, having been asked by a judge, whether, in the transmigration of souls, he would prefer being turned into a horse or an ass? "An ass," replied the lawyer. "Why?" said the judge. "Because I have heard of an ass being a judge, but never a horse."

Sago recommends that awkward boys be apprenticed to a baker—then, if they turn out a bad job, they can eat it.

The most useful lesson in the school of life, is that which teaches us to be content.